

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

BENJAMIN J. JONES, EDITOR.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

ANN PEARSON, PUBLISHING AGENT.

VOL. 14.--NO. 47.

SALEM, COLUMBIANA COUNTY, OHIO, SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 717.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE,
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, AT SALEM, OHIO,
by the Executive Committee of the Western Anti-
Slavery Society.
TERMS.—\$1.00 per annum payable in advance.
Communications intended for insertion, to
be addressed to BENJAMIN J. JONES, Editor.
Orders for the paper and letters containing
money in payment for the same, should be
sent to ANN PEARSON, Publishing Agent,
Salem, Columbiana County, Ohio.
Money carefully enveloped and directed as
above may be sent by mail at our risk.
We occasionally send numbers to those who
are not subscribers, but who are believed to be
interested in the dissemination of Anti-Slavery
truth, with the hope that they will either subscribe
themselves or use their influence to extend its
circulation among their friends.
TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
One Square (10 lines) three weeks, \$1.00
Each additional insertion, .25
Six months, 5.00
One year, 9.00
Ten Squares six months, 5.00
One year, 9.00
One Square one year, with privilege
of changing monthly, 12.00
Half Column, changing monthly, 20.00
Advertisements exceeding eight lines will be in-
serted one year for \$3.00; six months, \$2.00.
J. HUDSON, PRINTER.

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

A NEGRO HUNT.

Porto Rico, Emerald of the Antilles, is a fairy land of sweet gardens and orange groves, rich sugar plantations, dark luxuriant woods, and lofty rocks. Therein dwell haughty, dark-eyed Senegambians, wealthy planters, and poor negro slaves. In the northern part of the island are the plantations of Don Gomez de Mir. He was a native of Cuba, and having there made a large fortune in the slave trade, settled down in the most beautiful part of Porto Rico only a few years ago. He bought vast tracts of sugar and tobacco fields, and lived in great magnificence. Though he possessed a rounded sum of at least eight or nine hundred thousand, great as his rage when an overseer reported to him one morning that a tall negro, whom he had imported from Cuba, had escaped during the night. His rage was not at all mitigated when he was informed a few minutes afterwards that the negro was worth more than two thousand dollars, for it would have been difficult to fall in with a fiercer and more powerful man, from the shores of the river Senegal down to the coast of South America, and his wife was young and vigorous. Don Gomez de Mir gave reason for his rage, and for his determination to give immediate chase.

The neighbors were invited, in due form, to share the sport. Now, as a chase like this is even more exciting than a fox hunt, the guests were on hand in making their appearance; and after a lapse of a few hours a dozen of them rode in fully mounted on their splendid Andalusian nags. There is no need for instant hurry in these cases; the notes of the blood-hounds are not lost to the scent of the track before the setting in of the night-dew; the huntmen sat down, therefore, to breakfast, and made good cheer in the hospitable villa of their host, whose table was in excellent repute. After breakfast, however, they put on their large sombreros, and, mounting their thorough-breds, declared themselves quite ready for the sport. The dogs were taken out, and the negro hunt was begun in earnest.

The runaway slave, himself, had taken care not to leave anything behind him. A wooden cup, in which he used to receive his ration, and from which he and that all that could be made of it, were the only things he had left behind him. The wife had taken some old linen rather carelessly, and the overseer found. Drink was given to the dogs, the wooden bowl, and the linen was put to their tails.

There were only two of them, but two are enough to settle a negro, even of the size of the escaped slave. Terrible animals they are, large, strong built, yellow-haired, double-eared, though less, of that genuine Spanish race trained up mostly to the purpose—blood-hounds. No need of wonder for urging them on; they were animated and impatient enough already; and directly they had got a scent, with eager yelps they bounded along, with their noses close to the ground, and their tails upright in the air.

They were followed by the brisk glances of the faithful cavaliers, who began already to testify to their part of the chase is considered by some amateurs to be by no means the least interesting.

The dogs made straight for the negro house, and the poor blacks, male and female, whom they chased to meet, took hasty care to get out of the way. A few minutes afterwards they were seen darting towards the southern corner of a house which enclosed the slave cottages; then they turned round again, and went back to the house, their tails fanning the air all the time, and their fierce and dreadful noses almost rubbing on the ground.

One might read in the eyes of those proud and haughty cavaliers that the decisive moment was now at hand. A savage yelping of the dogs gave notice that it had arrived indeed. The greedy animals turned again, and making once more for the fence, with full speed, they broke through it without hesitation.

"To the chase, cavaliers!" They gave a hearty cheer, sprang to their horses, cleared the fence—the hunt was on!

Poor Juan! lost—and by the fault of his wife!

The dogs pursued a straight line in a southerly direction. They did not run fast from the moment they had surely come upon the right track—their noses being enabled to follow an easy career—but they went along their route with a cer-

tainly that was appalling to behold! never stopping, never offering the slightest sign of hesitation; and up and down, over dale, over meadow, over fields, through groves or through woods, never—not for one single moment—raising their noses more than half an inch above the level of the ground.

It was warm work, although the heat of the tropical sun being intense; but when hour after hour had passed, and still the dogs went on, neither hurrying nor slackening their speed, but always in the same steady and determined manner, they seemed to put new life into our hot and jaded cavaliers. They would sooner have thought of parting with their souls than of abandoning the chase.

Porto Rico, to the south is very mountainous, and the nearer we draw to the sea coast, the wider, the more picturesque is the surrounding country. Rocky valleys, with gaping precipices of an unatholous depth, steep and lofty crags with enormous peaks, follow each other in quick succession. Some of the peaks rise more than a thousand feet above the level of the sea, their inaccessible tops visited only by the eagles, which fly round them in majestic circles. The stony ground is torn by cliffs and chasms; large pieces of rocks, of a monstrous size, are scattered about wildly.

The cavaliers had long since alighted, and the cavaliers, leaving their horses in charge of some of their servants, were following the dogs on foot. The march became more difficult for these noble booted gentlemen; but they held on, nevertheless. Even although they knew that they were upon perilous ground, as they came to the island is a notorious place of refuge for the runaway (Marron) negroes, as they are called here; they seemed the more disposed to persist in the chase. The dogs advanced but slowly over this rough ground, now and then halting before a cliff over which they could not leap, and passing around it by a by-way, but still never failing to pick up the track on the opposite side—always sure, always eager, with their noses always close to the ground.

Suddenly they came to a dead stop, and lifting up their heads for the first time, barked furiously.

When the cavaliers reached the spot, they stood before a deep abyss. On the opposite side a lofty rock rose to the height of more than eight hundred feet. Its reverse side fell off steeply towards the sea, and the breakers were to be heard dashing with a sullen roar against it. The dogs might bark and yelp—they were but dogs, and even the jaguar would look twice before he leaped such a chasm.

At about half past twelve, and the dogs were beginning to change rapidly. The blue tinge of that wonderful sky began gradually to deepen, the stars came out one after the other, shining forth—the southern cross above all—with a splendor never dreamed about in England. Darkness was setting in upon the paradise of Porto Rico.

Any attempt to continue the chase during the night would have been madness. Some of the servants were ordered, therefore, to light a large fire, whilst others were sent back for the requisite refreshments and accommodations. A few sentries were set, and the cavaliers stretched themselves upon the ground.

When the most minute and accurate search was made the next morning for means of descending the cliff and scaling the opposite rock, a cliff was discovered which offered, indeed, some means of descending; and as to the rock, a negro servant pointed out a way by which it was admitted that—however poor the chance might be—there was, at least, the possibility of climbing. Both parties, however, were unanimously declared to be impracticable for any other feet than those of a chamois or a Marron negro, and the gentlemen accordingly consulted over what should next be done.

After some deliberation, it was resolved that, since more runaways were doubtless gathered up on the spot, and it was desirable to put a stop to this sort of vagabondage, the best plan would be to starve them out.

The necessary measures were then taken, sentinels were posted at every spot offering the slightest chance of escape. A regular method of field duty was put into practice. The vedettes were relieved at appointed intervals, and during the night one could hear the outpost calling to each other as formally as in military camp.

The cavaliers established themselves quite at their ease. Tents were brought down from the plantations, a flying camp was pitched near the place, and the ultimate result of the blockade was awaited.

The days or hours of its duration were calculated in advance. But hour after hour, day after day passed, and still the bloodhounds never howled—as they are sure to do the moment they scent their prey. Each morning they gathered near the cliff by which the track led down to the abyss, and lifting up their noses high into the air, barked on with the same unabated fury. Day after day a thin pillar of smoke was seen, during a few hours, whirling from the top of the platform through the deep blue sky.

The matter became altogether a mystery. A whole week, ten days, a fortnight went by, and still the dogs were to be heard barking as usual—still that column of smoke was to be seen whirling up to the sky. It was all very well for the cavaliers to direct their spy-glasses toward the naked rock—they could see nothing, understand nothing.

"Madre de Dios!—What on earth can those black rascals be feeding upon there?"

At last, one of the negro servants offered himself as a spy, advising his master, for appearance sake, to raise the siege till he came back.

The offer was accepted, the siege broken up. Only a few sentinels were left behind, carefully hidden, lest the spy should prove to be a double traitor. The fellow, however, knew but too well that little was to be got from the Marrons, and that little was to be got from Don Gomez de Mir.

When after the lapse of five days he came back, he came with a tale of woe. He had descended the abyss and climbed the rock at the risk of his neck.

When he had reached the top, and joined the fugitives—reporting himself a runaway from his master, who, he said, had given up the blockade altogether—they received him without suspicion. There were eight of them, the women included, all well and in the best condition, making good cheer indeed. They had venison, mutton, fowl—anything but bread and cheese—for dinner. They stewed and roasted. Some of them climbed, now and then, down the surface of the rock to gather as much wood and sea-weed as they could get for their fuel—as to the water, they had a fresh spring near at hand.

But the game! How did they get that? This was the very mystery which the spy had to spend four days in finding out.

Night after night he saw Juan leaving the others, make for the sea-side platform, armed with a large stick; but, as he knew pretty well that a shadow of suspicion would have put a sudden and fatal stop to his diplomacy, he dared not follow him.

When the negro came back, he was sure to bring with him a hare or a young roe, perhaps even a whole sheep—at which the others never testified the least surprise—the supplies being received quite as a matter of course, not worth any particular remark.

At last, on the morning of the fourth day, the spy had a chance of listening, as if by accident, near the opposite side of the platform, and was startled by the sudden flight of a great eagle, that circled rapidly above the top of a peak, some thirty or forty feet higher than the common level of the platform. A suspicion then occurred to him, which he was able promptly to confirm; for on the same night he succeeded in tracing Juan to the peak, where, from his own hiding place behind a block, he could hear the cries of the frightened and angry birds—the vigorous blows with which the negro defended himself against their mighty wings and their powerful talons. The mystery was revealed: The Marrons were feeding on the eagle's prey.

Those poor birds had to work hard. There were their own family to be supported, and there were, moreover, eight extra unproductive loaders to be supplied with the necessities of life; and as the negro took care never to leave any more than was absolutely required to keep any of the brood from perishing of hunger, the foraging went on with activity.

When this incident was made known to the Spaniards, Don Gomez wrote a polite letter to an old acquaintance, captain of La Hija Hermosa, a Spanish ship-skipper, noted for her fast sailing, and just then at anchor in the port of St. Juan de Puerto Rico, requesting him to send him some of his mate for a week or so, as he stood sorely in need of him and his rifle.

The mate, though a sailor, was a dead shot. He was a little in the negro trade, just then, but he had gone through a great deal in his life, and for three years he had been engaged in the tiger trade in the Sonora in Mexico, and slow work as that is, yet he had contrived to make a little money by it. The Mexican tiger—jaguar, as they are called—are very dangerous animals—much more so than their Asiatic kindred, which are said to be but cowardly beasts, after all—frequently taking to their heels when charged upon by men. Whenever a jaguar has been seen or heard of in the neighborhood of a Mexican village, the whole race—men, women and children—straightway decamp, rather than run the risk of being exposed to a night attack from this terrible animal. There is only one class of men that seek the jaguar, and make it a particular business to fall in with as many of this class of beasts as they can trace out. The Mexican government pays a premium of thirty or forty dollars for each head of a jaguar presented to a magistrate in any part of its vast territories; and as the delicate fur of this dangerous game is worth almost as much more, it has become a trade to hunt them. I have known one of these tiger hunters, and although he was no talker, there used to come from him strange recollections of his peril.

As soon as the mate had arrived, the siege was reopened, the camp pitched again, sentinels posted, and strict vigilance enforced.

It turned out to be no easy work, even for this intrepid and daring hunter, who had climbed many a crag in the Rocky Mountains and in the Sierra Nevada, to get down that abyss and find an accessible spot on the rock opposite from which he might get a shot at the eagles. He thought it best to make sure of his ball, and not to alarm the negroes by waste firing that would indicate to them the station which he had chosen, and cause them to hurt anyone down upon him.

He had risked his life, however, many a time for less than the good sum Don Gomez was sure to pay, as amateur, for those two splendid birds of prey, and he went to work with a will.

After a couple of hours, he was seen at a height of six hundred feet, suspended over the dark precipice beneath him, and sheltered by a prominence over his head, against any storm or blocks which might be hurled upon him. On the platform nothing unusual could be discovered. The Marrons, hidden behind the stony ramparts which enclosed their place of refuge, remained secure.

Several hours went by, and it was late in the afternoon when, at last, the report of the mate's rifle was heard for the first time. Many a spy-glass was directed at once to the spot where the audacious shooter was stationed; but, as nothing particular could be remarked, except, perhaps, the column of smoke which was rising from the rifle, most of the cavaliers returned to their tents. Those, however, who still watched the daring man, had their reward, when, about half an hour afterwards, the steep rocks around re-echoed, once more, the report of his gun.

A blackish object, of the size of a pigeon, was seen darting up into the air with the swiftness of a cannon ball, then it stopped short, on a sudden, remaining suspended immovably for some moments, at an enormous height, then it began to lower in a spiral line, slowly at first, then quicker and quicker, till at last it disappeared rapidly behind the huge mass of the rock.

It was the second eagle—the first had been shot

already from the top of the peak, and being killed on the spot, had fallen down at once into the abyss.

The mate had done his work. His retreat was accomplished with some difficulty, as many a block, the hundredth part of which would have been more than sufficient to crush him to atoms, rolled close by his head. He managed, however, to escape them all; and when, on the morning of the next day, he stood before Don Gomez, announcing to him his complete success, the man was as sound and cool as ever.

On the two following days the dogs were heard barking in their usual manner, and the pillar of smoke was still to be seen whirling from the top of the platform upwards to the sky. On the morning of the third day, however, the dogs were silent, and even with the aid of the most powerful spy-glasses it was impossible to discern the slightest sign of smoke upon the platform.

On the evening of that same day, shortly after the setting in of the sea-breeze, the blood-hounds were heard barking most furiously. Almost at the same time, the sentinels nearest to the shore gave the alarm.

When the whole party came up in a hurry to ascertain what was the matter, they were not a little surprised at the unexpected turn which the affair seemed to have taken.

The Marrons were in the sea! They struggled against the fury of the mighty breakers—they were striving, with all their energies, to gain a rocky bay not very far from their abandoned place of shelter.

"Carra!—those fools must be mad!" exclaimed the mate.

A shriek was heard, sudden and horrible; another, yet more frightful, pierced the thunder of the breakers! The sea-water became purple.

These unhappy wretches had made their choice between the Spaniards and the ground sharks.

IS IT SO?

The Providence Post, a Buchanan paper, has the following pious and consolatory remarks: "Little by little, the influence of Christianity has been improved. The slaveholding Christian has not perished at a glance that slavery is itself a sin, but he has perceived that slavery is itself a sin, and he has abandoned and discontinued it. One by one, he is striking off the great galling of the slave's shackles, and every year confirms the hope which men have, that by and by the last shackle will be cast off."

Is that so? Has the Post noticed the recent attempts of slaveholding Christians to resist the horrible African slave trade? Has it seen anything of the recent imprisonment and sale into slavery of a free colored woman, in St. Louis? Has it heard of the cruel and inhuman imprisonment and heavy fine of a free colored man, in Washington, because he could not find and deliver up to perpetual bondage his last remaining child? Has it heard of the recent burning at the stake of a slave in Texas, whose only crime was resisting unto death—the death of his oppressor—the master, who ravished his wife, and sold her away from her husband into slavery? Has he heard of that church, in Alabama, which had to buy its minister to keep him from being sold into the hands of a Louisiana slave trader? Has it heard of the killing of the slave girl, in Tennessee, by an inhuman fugger? Hasn't the Post better read up the news, relating to slaveholding Christianity, a little closer?—Boston Atlas.

CAPTAIN OF AN ARMED SLAVE.—Death of her Captain from a Broken Heart.—New York, June 15.—The bark Orion, fifty days from Congo river, Africa, was brought to this port last night, in charge of Lieutenant Dallas and Campbell, and was anchored under the guns of the Navy Yard. Her Captain, Hanna, died of a broken heart. The Orion sailed from this port on the 21st of January last, and arrived at Shark's Point on the Congo river, on the 10th of April. Here she was seized by the English steamer Triton, but was subsequently transferred to Commodore Brent, of the United States ship of war Marion, who, on examination, became convinced that she was a slave trader. He accordingly put a prize crew on board and ordered her home. A few days before she sailed the barks Andromeda and Emma Lincoln were also seized at Shoals Point by Commodore Brent, and they would probably be sent home also.

Mr. Richard T. Archer, of the State of Mississippi, described as the "wisest, clearest-headed, and most practical" man in that State has discovered the way, so the Vindexburg Whig says, to press to completion a great system of internal improvements, which will give Mississippi unprecedented grandeur among the States of the Union. In addition, he proposes to supply every white man with two negroes, one of each sex, and to increase forever, and cause the waste lands to bloom with rice and negroes. The whole thing is to be accomplished by the State exercising its sovereignty in the matter of the African slave trade, and importing immediately half a million of Congoes, which are, according to the latest editions of the standard works of Southern political economy, the root as well as the flower of civilization, the pith and fibre of commonwealths. The State is to import the negroes, and every white person in the State, infants and females included, shall have a pre-emption in a pair of these imported Africans, at \$200 a pair, &c., &c.—Civ. Com.

SOUTHERN MOVEMENT FOR THE DISRUPTION OF THE UNION.—The Mobile (Ala.) Mercury states boldly that there are at present active movements going on in the city of Mobile, with a view to a dissolution of the Union. The Mercury says:—The times are now ripe for the organization of a political movement in the slaveholding States, in respect of, course, of all old party designations, and there are peculiar reasons why such a movement should be undertaken now and here. Indeed, we are credibly informed that conferences have already been held by leading patriotic gentlemen in this city, of all parties, and the plans of a South-

ern organization have been set on foot, and almost matured preparatory to action; we earnestly hope the good work may go on, and speedily. This country, we repeat is ripe for the movement; and if judiciously inaugurated, it will sweep over the land with a force that no opposition will be able to check. We, therefore, caution our friends in the country, everywhere, to be prepared for it, and to keep themselves free from all entangling alliances which may hinder them from joining it untrammelled.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

We learn that a free born colored man of this city, named Henry Price, narrowly escaped being sold into slavery, in the State of Missouri, a short time ago. One of the sweet and gentle laws in the State is founded upon the hypothesis that every colored man is supposed to be a slave unless he can prove that he is free. As the Southern Presbyterian Review expresses it, "He is believed to have a right to the status in which he is born," and the presumption of law is, that it is a status of slavery. The slave holders always talk loudly and warmly in favor of good feeling between the free and slave States, and laws that shall foster a sentiment of good neighborhood. This law, relative to free colored people, is one of that sort; it is intended to indicate a kindly feeling towards white men who believe it no great crime in another to be—

Guilt of a skin not colored like their own.

It seems that Price being in St. Louis, a steward of one of our boats, was sent of some errand into the city, was caught by some thief, put in jail as a fugitive, and laid in jail more than a week, and was finally obliged to pay \$14 fees before he was set at liberty. Had he not been able to prove his condition—that of a free man, he would have been sold into slavery to pay the charges of his keeping. Such outrages need no comment, they speak so loudly for themselves.

To steal a family of free people, as was done in Cumberland county a few days since, and sell them into hopeless slavery, is a matter of small import when compared with the escape of a fugitive from slavery.—Pittsburgh Gazette.

FROM THE PITTSBURGH GAZETTE.

THE DOY TRIAL.

The Leavenworth Times says that the second trial of Dr. Doy, at St. Joseph, on the charge of abducting slaves from Missouri, resulted in the disagreement of the jury—eleven being for conviction and one for acquittal; but the St. Joseph correspondent of the Missouri Democrat says, that it resulted in five years in the penitentiary.

This is an exceedingly hard case. The charge against Dr. Doy was, that he enticed the slave Dick from the State of Missouri. The evidence failed to show that Dr. Doy was ever in the State of Missouri; while it conclusively proved that the boy Dick left Missouri with a pass from his master, allowing him to do so, and that John Doy never saw him until after he reached Lawrence, in Kansas. The Doctor was arrested in Kansas and taken by violence, without process of law, in Missouri, where he has fallen a victim to the low prejudices of the border, and has been sentenced in Missouri for a crime which, if committed at all, was committed in Kansas. The correspondent of the Democrat says:—

"The whole transaction is a libel upon the freedom of an American citizen, in open violation of justice, and only paralleled by the English state trials in Ireland.

If the Supreme Court of Missouri does not grant a new trial, they deserve the execration of every honest heart and unprejudiced man, but I cannot think the highest court of any State could be guilty of so great injustice as to refuse a new trial, with the features of this case fairly before them."

About fifteen hundred of Henry Ward Beecher's Church and Sabbath School went up the East river in a steamer one day last week, and held a strawberry festival on a beautiful island in the river. They had a rich food of merriment and fun—Beecher was the happiest of all. He gambled and galloped with the little ones, and beat all the older folks at a game of quoits. Commend us to the man whose social and genial qualities are not smothered up by his christian formalisms—who does not allow his religion to poison and blast the pure fountains of pleasure which gurgles in this life.

Out in Louisville, Ky., they seem to be getting what Philosopher Emerson might call a "foremost of the future," for an inhabitant of that halcyon city of their Artisan walls, say, that it is 2000 ft. deep, and throws up a jet 100 feet high, and "from the taste and smell of the water, I should think that in boring they had tapped the main sewer of his Satanic majesty's dominions."

PROGRESS OF GYMNASIUM.—Mr. Molloy, recently of this city, who has been appointed teacher of Gymnastics in Harvard University, Worcester, Mass., is now in Cambridge, superintending the fitting up of the new Gymnasium. Mr. Molloy is a well-trained athlete, of splendid physical developments.—Boston Paper.

TRIAL OF DR. DOY.—Dr. John Doy, of Kansas, kidnapped and induced in Buchanan county, Mo., for slave stealing under circumstances which our readers will remember, is now on trial at St. Joseph. He is defended by ex-Gov. Shannon. On the first trial the jury could not agree.

RAIL REVENUE.—Wm. H. O'Brien, one of the State Treasury defaulters, renewed his bail in the Franklin County Court on the 21st, for his appearance at the next term in the sum of \$20,000.

Brazil continues to claim British protection against the service he so richly owes the State of Ohio.

FROM THE GAZETTE OF THE STATES.

HOW THE IMPORTED AFRICANS LOOK AND WORK.

ASTORIA, OREGON, Nov. 8.

Not knowing how you are upon the slavery question, pro or con, but believing your columns are open to truth, I would say that I have this morning returned from a visit to Mr. Smith's plantation, near Canton, Mississippi. He has sixteen of the real, bona fide Africans, all young and plentifully. They look like our negroes—work well—plant corn—hoe cotton, etc. Two of them can do as much work as an American negro, and Pompey, one more intelligent than the rest, can do as much now as an ordinary field hand. They are learning to speak our language—Pompey converses very well. They are not wild, but on the contrary, very docile and good servants.

They have been in America four or five months. They have the brand and marks of the tribe from which they came. Their front teeth are filed, and when they laugh, present a novel appearance. They have model feet. The prettiest shaped foot I have ever seen is that of a boy some 18 or 19 years old. He is perfectly black, and bigger to the back-bone, but with beautiful feet and hands. They are contented; and which one is whipped the others laugh.

One of them with a peculiar shaped head, is the subject of ridicule by the others. They say his mother spoiled it by putting him on the head when a baby.

They have a perfect horror of going back where they came from, to Africa. On being questioned as to where they are from, etc., they say from Arkansas; others from Georgia, etc.

Mr. Smith has been offered sixteen thousand dollars for the lot, and refused. He expects next year to make as much with these sixteen "wild" Africans as any other planter in the country, with sixteen "tame" ones. I say this for the benefit of those on Old Caney and other portions of your State, who are paying \$1,500 for negroes from Virginia, when these can be bought for \$500 and less.

Not only, then, are we more probably paid by the labor of the African than the Virginia slave, but when we buy an African, we are propagating, and extending an institution which is the basis of our Southern prosperity. Narrow the base, and the building falls with the first blast; broaden it and it defies the tempest.

[The following item from the Tuskegee (Ala.) Republican, will give an idea of the way in which the extremists of the South talk about the Administration.]

SUPPRESSION OF THE SLAVE TRADE.—New York, June 12.—A dispatch from Washington states that owing to the complaints from the English authorities of the inefficiency of our navy in carrying out the treaty stipulations for the suppression of the slave trade, President Buchanan has determined to send to the coast of Africa and the Gulf of Mexico all the gunboats now being built at the several navy yards.

Mr. Buchanan and his officials do not seem to have anything to do, now a-days, but to watch the coast for the arrest of a few negro traders; certainly a very dignified employment for a President and particularly when it is done at the orders of the "English Authorities." Perhaps, after a while the "English Authorities" will begin to tell us who we must elect to the Presidency. Both of them seem to be playing into the hands of the Black Republicans.

MISS WATKINS'S LECTURES.—This lady lectured in this place on Wednesday evening, 28d inst., and in Farmland on Thursday night, on Anti-Slavery, to crowded houses. The court house was filled to overflowing, and the largest house that could be obtained in Farmland was too small to hold the large number that flocked to hear her. She is one of the best female speakers we ever listened to, and her lectures are well received. We commend her to the friends of the oppressed wherever she may go.

SHE IS EXPECTED TO RETURN TO THIS COUNTY, and lecture in other parts of it where she has not.—Randolph County Journal (Indiana).

A MILLION OF BUFFALO.—Horace Greeley, writing from the plains, makes the following estimate of the number of Buffalo:

What strikes the stranger with most amazement is their immense numbers. I know a million is a great many, but I am confident we saw that number yesterday. Certainly all we saw could not have stood on two square miles of ground. Often the country for miles on either side seemed quite black with them. The soil is rich, and well watered with their favorite grass. Yet it is all (except a very little on the creek bottoms, near to timber) eaten down like an overgrown sheep-pasture in a dry August. Consider that we have traversed more than one hundred miles in width since we first struck them and that for most of this distance Buffalo have been constantly in sight, and that they continue for some twenty-five miles further on—this being the breadth of their present range, which has a length of perhaps a thousand miles, and have some approach to an idea of their countless numbers. I doubt whether the domesticated herds of cattle of the United States equal the numbers, while they must fall considerably short in weight of these wild ones.

The Boston papers announce the death in this city of Mr. John Augustus, a gentleman long and well known in Boston in connection with his benevolent exertions in behalf of poor criminals, the latter years of his life being almost entirely spent in ameliorating their condition by becoming friends for their good behavior, and providing means and opportunities that would lead to a reformation.

Remond of a living income from some prominent position in business pursuits, the deceased was in a position to marry one of the daughters of a prominent heart, and those who knew him best give him credit for sincerity of purpose and great capacity.

From the *Logan Co. Herald*.
DRED SCOTT.

"What may this mean,
That thou, dead once, again
Revisit'st those glances of the moon?"

Dred Scott is dead—very dead, indeed—dead politically and dead literally. Having lived the appointed number of his days, and fully absorbed, as was supposed, the questionable purpose of his existence, he died, and was buried. The facts of his demise and sepulture may be proven, by affidavit, if requisite. But his "bones that were heard in death, have burst their cerements," and the consequence is that this very remarkable nigger, like Monsieur Toulon, has "come again." We think, however, that it is not the immortal part of the African that posters use now; for we devoutly hope that his spirit is rejoicing in the grand assemblage of just men made perfect. We incline to the belief that for this unbidden and untimely visit, we are indebted to certain "body-snatchers," a class of men who will steal a corpse for the consideration of a very small advantage.

We may as well make a clean breast of it. We regret, for some reasons, the decision of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case. It is productive of consequences very calamitous indeed in a large number of persons. We allude, of course, to the politicians of the Republican party, who have lied themselves beyond all hope of salvation, in their persistent and wilful misrepresentation of that decision.

The most stupendous falsehood ever uttered by a mere mortal, was the assertion that the Supreme Court held that "the negro has no rights which the white man is bound to respect." The printed decision of the Court was scattered broadcast over the country, and was accessible to every man who could read. It contained not a single sentence which could possibly bear a construction, or justify a deduction so monstrous. And yet the lie was persisted in, and adhered to, and even made the pretext of prayers to the Almighty for vengeance on the Supreme Court! Well! all this was of some advantage to us privately and personally, for, with every desire to be orthodox, we had always boggled at the dogma of "total depravity," until the Republican politicians gave us an illustration which even skepticism itself could no longer question or cavil at.

What next? This question leads to a consideration of the purpose for which Dred Scott has been disinterred. It is now asserted that the Supreme Court held, in the Dred Scott case:

"That the slaveholder has a right to go just where he pleases with his slave; and the people have no rights; but are subservient to the will of the master. In plainer terms, that this is a slave government, only fit to breed slaves. The free States have no right to exclude slavery, but must submit to dictation by the master who chooses to bring his slave into the State of Ohio, and there hold him as long as he pleases. The people of Ohio are thus sovereign in name but not in fact."

There is a sort of necessity for refuting a fabrication even so audacious as the above; and with a sense of humiliation that such a necessity does exist in a country so enlightened as this, we will briefly and fairly state what the Court did hold, and what is the sole foundation of the above monstrous superstructure of misrepresentation.

Dred Scott was taken by his master to Illinois, a free State, and subsequently returned voluntarily to the condition of a slave in Missouri. The Court held, that by reason of his voluntary return, the original condition of servitude re-attached, and that the master might hold him as his property. And now for the precedent which justified this decision of the Supreme Court: Many years ago, a slave was taken by the master from the British Island of Antigua to England, and subsequently returned with the master to the island. "Slaves cannot breathe in England," and proceedings were instituted in the proper English tribunal for the freedom of the slave. Lord Russell, a zealous anti-slavery man who was the Judge, and he gave the case great consideration—finally remanding the slave to servitude, upon the very grounds long afterward assumed by the Supreme Court of the United States in this Dred Scott case. The great Judge Story, of our own country, was then living, he, too, an anti-slavery man; and to him Judge Russell submitted the decision he had made, and asked for Judge Story's opinion. The latter, without qualification, gave his assent to its legality, and declared that such would be his decision in a like case.

We have now corrected the facts so much perverted in the above extract. The Court never held that "the master could bring his slave to Ohio," or to any other free State, "and there hold him as long as he pleased." It did not touch upon the sovereignty of Ohio, or of any other free State. It did not hold that this is a slave government, fit only to breed slaves. These deductions are utterly unwarranted, and very shameful to the man who makes them.

ATTEMPT AT ABDUCTION.

Jim, a slave of Mr. Nathaniel E. Goodrich, prevailed upon Francis Mitchell, porter on board the steamship *Marion*, to secrete him on board the ship, preparatory to an escape to New York. The price agreed upon was \$50 and a smoking bird. The boy was secreted early Wednesday morning.

Mr. John Ryan, steward of the ship, discovering that the fugitive was on board, informed Captain Foster of the fact. Capt. Foster and the steward went to the place of concealment for Jim. The porter had not the key, had lost or mislaid it. Captain Foster opened the door with a pass-key, discovered Jim, who he immediately apprehended. The steward laid hold upon Mitchell, and both were secured. The negro and his friend were given in charge of Mr. Moses Levy, one of the State inspectors of vessels bound to New York, who conveyed them to the guard-house. The negro was delivered to his master, who had him suitably punished at the work-house.

Mitchell was subsequently brought before Mr. Magistrate Kirwood, who, upon the affidavit of Mr. Levy, committed him to jail to await the action of the Grand Jury, now in session. Mitchell is a young man, unmarried, the sole support of a widowed mother in New York, where he himself belongs.

The prompt action of Capt. Foster and his steward deserves high commendation. It is impossible that, under the strict surveillance exercised on board the steamships bound to New York, a fugitive can succeed in his plans for a free passage to that port.

The want of communication in the scheme lowers the crime of Mitchell to a misdemeanor, although he accomplished all that was in his power. The result was undeniably to be fine and imprisonment.—*Charleston Mercury*, 23d ult.

Communications.

SEWELL CO., June 27th, 1859.

To the Editor of the A. S. Bugle.

DEAR FRIEND: On Saturday, the 18th inst., I left home on an anti-slavery lecturing tour, and the next day, had the pleasure of attending the hack meeting in Davis' Grove, some three miles from Lima. The meeting was got up by those indelible friends of the slave, Irwin, Brooks and the brothers Halliday, and was well attended, especially in the afternoon, by friends from Deer Creek, Marlboro and Alliance. The speakers were John Halliday, Dr. Brooks and myself. It was good to be there, though a sad and gloved spirit, induced by surrounding circumstances, seemed to pervade the meetings. The lustre of the beautiful forest which shaded us was dimmed to its early autumn tinge; the pastures and meadows looked dead and brown; the broad cornfields, utterly directed of the rich green which clothed them with promise but a few days before, now showed only their naked furrows bleaching in the sun, as when they were first turned up, two months ago; and the wheat-fields, instead of the first rich yellow that gives the farmer promise of his filling barns, now were overtopped by the pale and sickening whiteness of the lighted grain-heads, standing bolt upright in their emptiness, as though delighting to taunt the careful cultivator with his loss.— Besides this, the mortal remains of our beloved brother, James D. Johnson, were that morning consigned to their final resting place, and many of our friends came from his new-made grave to our afternoon's assembly. On my way to the meeting I had thought with pleasure of meeting him, and I cannot describe to you the shock which the information of his premature departure occasioned. He was in the prime and vigor of manhood, and no other person of my acquaintance has within the last three years, so rapidly developed the excellences of an intellectual and moral character.— His practical benevolence and the devotion with which he consecrated himself to the anti-slavery work, made us hope for long and useful labors here. But they seemed only to have ripened him for the employment of another sphere, and before we were aware he had gone! Blessed are the righteous, for though they rest from their labors, their works do follow them. It must seem fitter than mine will briefly trace his character for your readers, who already know him as a former correspondent of the Bugle.

But far more than for the ravages of the merciless frost, lying waste the beauties and treasures of nature, or than even this cruel stroke at our country by Dutch himself, did the heart sicken at the thought of the moral condition of Ohio, as developed within the last three weeks. The slave, an honest, his friends impious—Churches and ministers indifferent or approving.—The General Government enforcing the fugitive slave law—the Democratic party formally approving in its state platform this pernicious for righteousness sake.—The Supreme Court of Ohio in the name and in behalf of the people of Ohio enforcing the penalty against humanity—the Republican party in its convention most cowardly consenting to this name—and even the dissenting anti-slavery judges telling us that it is the duty of the State to surrender up the fugitive (differing from their judicial brethren only in regard to who shall be the agents in the work), thus all together voluntarily and solemnly re-affirming their obligations to slavery and renouncing their allegiance to the God of Justice and Liberty. Thus are we all shut up to the necessity of renouncing righteousness, and the protection of the common humanity, except for ourselves of robbery and imprisonment at the hands of the Government. Thus all parties have together turned their backs upon those imprisoned men in Cleveland and upon the anti-slavery sentiment of which they have been so conspicuously the representatives. This, I repeat, was the saddest thought of all. But I should add, though the Abolitionists in Davis' Grove were sad at this complication of untoward events, physical and moral, they seemed not disheartened or their faith or purpose abated. Indeed they all seemed more deeply than ever impressed with the importance of inflexibly adhering to principle, and trusting only to such measures and plans as are in harmony with inviolable truth and right. They have had ample experience of the worthlessness of any policy and of all parties based upon compromise and bargains with slaveholders.

I have since held meetings in Marlboro, Lima and Mogadore, all of which were attended, by attentive audiences, and in all of which were some, hitherto not with us, who seemed not unmoved by the facts presented. I am now enjoying the hospitality of our good friends the Salist family, and to-morrow they will kindly take me on my way to Geauga County, where I shall spend the week.

I visited the "Rescuers" in the Cleveland Jail last week, and am happy to report to your readers that they seem all in the enjoyment of excellent health, and to be cheerful in the consciousness of the rectitude of their course, though all courts and parties have condemned them. Of course, there is no hope left them, but to suffer whatever the capricious or malignity of kidnappers may impose and the severity of their tools inflict, since the will of the kidnapper is the law of Ohio, and the Commissioner's warrant the highest judicial authority. Mr. Langston's term of imprisonment expired some time since, and that of Mr. Bushnell will terminate in about two weeks from the present time. When the others are to have their trial depends upon the good pleasure of Judge Willson.—After the sheriff has exhausted his best efforts, of course the provision for their comfort and accommodation must be very inadequate. They use the small jail yard for exercise, and I observed some of their number were prosecuting mechanical occupations under a shed. This must be some relief from the monotony of their confinement, now that they have a respite from the exciting incidents which marked some of the previous history of their persecution. This is a dark hour of their trial, but their faith and fortitude do not fail them. Let all the friends of freedom be willing to labor and, if need be, with martyr spirit, with them to suffer, and the honor of our nation's repentance and of the slave's deliverance will be hastened.

Yours,
M. R. ROBINSON.

For the Bugle.

St. Louis, Mo., June 27, 1859.

FRIEND JAMES: Subjoining in the midst of slaveholders and their victims, it becomes me to show that I have a "back bone," and am able to stand on the side of humanity, even if I stand alone.

It seems a small thing to utter one's convictions in favor of Truth and Right, in every place and on every question; yet it is so great a thing that not one is a thousand possesses sufficient intelligence and moral courage to do it. This may be said of free states—much more of slave states. In this city the Black Republicans make considerable party show and noise; but radical anti-slavery sentiment has obtained little foothold here. And it will not grow spontaneously. It must be imported. It does not come in every emigrant train. Population increases rapidly; but it is not of that sort which entertains unpopular opinions on exciting topics. Slave gangs may be marched through the city for shipment to a Louisiana plantation, and no one is disturbed by it, and no remark is made more than if they were cattle driven to the slaughter. Business, and the sources of wealth here are very great; but no branch is greater, perhaps, than that of the trade in human flesh—there being from one hundred to a thousand or more kept constantly in pens and advertised for sale. The market is good further north, among sugar and cotton growers, and they find a good supply at reasonable prices in this region. At the east end of our magnificent Court House may frequently be witnessed administrators' or sheriff's auction sales of human chattles. These sales attract crowds of well-dressed men, who, elsewhere, might not be taken for barbarians, but who, on these occasions, seem as self-complacent as if at a fourth-of-July picnic. I have been present at but one of these exhibitions. Whether others were there through curiosity, like myself, I know not. But I saw no "fantastic" look in any white man's countenance. All passed off as an every-day affair. At the same time this is a great city of boasted intelligence and refinement; and no city could reasonably claim more religion than is professed here. Another thing—a "smart sprinkling" of the people are proud to say they "are from the East."

This is surely a christian country. Who will deny it? Human beings placed on a level with pigs and dogs, and as one's nerves affected by it? No, it is all just and proper—as it is with the Fugue Islanders to kill and eat a man. And what is the difference? If it be right to class a man with a brute, who shall say it is not perfectly right to kill and eat him? Answer this, ye Union-loving Republicans. Answer this, ye Northern Churches that fellowship slaveholders, and send away praying missionaries to convert the Cannibals.

But then, who are slaveholders and pro-slavery men? A nation of mercenary time-servers, the more respectable of them—gloried over with professions of piety and sanctification. The less respectable have just as good hearts, no doubt, but are more ignorant, whiffy and beer-guzzling, tobacco-stained, spaniel like (epithets) substratum. That slavery should exist among such a people is no matter of surprise. It is entirely consistent with their character. Shall we quarrel with them? To quarrel, would be to lose our self-command; to argue, a waste of breath. No, the question is one which may be left to every man's common sense. Shall we vote then? That would be an acknowledgment on our part that man-stealing can be made right by a majority of votes. No, the fact is, the people must be made over; and that work can be accomplished by no power except by the utterance of Truth. One man on the side of Truth is stronger than a thousand against him. And one who has the backbone to stand up in the community, and be true to himself can do nothing better. This is a stultified and brutified nation, as much needing the true missionary in every part of it as any heathen country. Only in a new public sentiment can the slave have any hope.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

BARRETT, MASS., June 29, 1859.

TO THE EDITOR: Some persons think my view of the present condition and prospects of the Anti-Slavery cause, must unwarrantably dark and discouraging. It may be so. But dismal are my prospects and expectations, the events are almost invariably more melancholy than my fears.

Northern Ohio has just furnished an example in point. While Mr. Giddings was in Congress, I expected no more from him than we saw. But after he burst those bands of death and hell, my hopes were high that now indeed, he would show himself a man—a man to be sure, "raised from the dead," but a man, now, at last alive, and able to give the world evidence of a man.

The Oberlin "Rescue Case," seemed almost a Providential Call, for him to buckle on his armor for the conflict. For a time he seemed to heed the heavenly voice. Some of his speeches and other demonstrations seemed as though uttered by lips that had been touched with live coals from off the altar of freedom.

When the constitutional incapacity had exhausted their powers, or proved incapable or too cowardly to cope with the foe, then I looked for at least a revolutionary measure, as had twice availed in Wisconsin to secure the ends of Justice and Liberty, in defiance of Law. Day after day, we waited for the telegraph to tell how Giddings and his thousands of friends had beleaguered that Cleveland Jail and tumbled it into ruins for the deliverance of the righteous men incarcerated there. Did not his words give promise of success? And might not that glorious deed have been done even more easily than in Wisconsin two years ago? And according to the declarations of Mr. Giddings himself in the Cleveland Convention and elsewhere, should it not have been done, at all hazards, and all cost? And on every principle of the philosophy of 1776, would not the deed have been justifiable, even had a torrent of blood baptized and sealed it? So it now seems to me, and so I was ready to take Mr. Giddings and others there at their word. And had they fallen in the strife, I would have hailed their memory, more a thousand times, than that of any Warren or Washington, of whom the country boasts.

Would that even now, a step so righteous as well as revolutionary, might be taken! Are not some of the sons of Ohio brave enough to attempt it? I do not believe one hair of their heads would perish. But since the Black Republican Convention at Columbus, my hope for Ohio are dark and drear, as my friends say they are, as to the whole country, now, and at all times. Why may one not despair after such a demonstration? Despair, I mean, of human aid, and from political success. In the general conflict, I know no despair, no discouragement. The underpinning of the Almighty's throne, is not firmer than my hope. Nay, God's assurance of his right to reign, is not greater than is mine of his power and purpose to smother every wrong, to arrest every evil, and to make truth and liberty at last triumphant.

But still, the surrender of the Western Reserve in the Columbus Convention indignantly led in its disgrace and shame by such a man as Joshua R. Giddings, was a spectacle to make the angels weep. Only such an offering however can give promise of a Presidential success in 1860, and it must be made!

The party has already given terrible signs, or rather assurances, that in the coming Presidential contest, all its faith, virtue, honor, honesty, every-

thing human, humane, sacred and divine, shall be perilled, sacrificed, sacrificed, to achieve its object. Nor was the beginning of this drama of death, in your state of Ohio; for weeks ago, Horace Greely had said in his Kansas Letter:

"I apprehend that it will be necessary for the Republicans of Kansas, in view of the inveterate Western prejudices of a large portion of her population, to concede, for the present, that the Right of Suffrage shall be exercised only by white males, or men of European lineage, excluding, on account of their imperfect moral and intellectual developments, Indians, Negroes, and their descendants."

And again in a speech at Oswatimie, about the same date, he said:

"The party will speak for itself at the proper time; but I shall be willing and ready to support such a man as John Bell, or John M. Botts, or (better still,) Edward Bates, upon a distinct and open understanding that he will wield the power, not to extend and fortify slavery, but to limit and restrict it to the States where it is still cherished."

All three of these three named, are of the Slave States, and all declare strongly in favor of slavery, but against its extension, unless the people of the State or Territory will it.

In a late, lengthy letter from Mr. Botts, he says: "I will resort to all proper remedies to protect and defend slavery where it exists, but I will not insist in our country any attempt to force it upon a reluctant people any where, and still less will I justify the use of the military power of the country to establish it in any of the Territories. If it holds its way there by legitimate means, it is all well; but never by force, through any instrumentality of mine. I am myself a slaveholder, and all the property my children have in the world is slave property, inherited from their mother; and he who undertakes to convert my name, or my opinion, with Abolitionism, is either a knave or a fool and not unfrequently both. And this is the only answer I have to make to them. I have not connected myself with any sectional party or sectional question, and so help me God, I never will."

Such are the political prospects of Anti-Slavery judged by its most popular and widely extended organ, the New York Tribune, and Horace Greely, its world-renowned Editor, and so far as shown by the present position of the Republican Party in Northern Ohio, led on by one so illustrious as the Hon. Joshua R. Giddings. Our glorious watchword, "No Union with Slaveholders," will sweep all such parties to a deserved oblivion.—God speed them there.

PARKER, PILLSBURY.

LETTER FROM ELLEN WATKINS.

HAGERSTOWN, June 29.

RESPECTED FRIEND: My last letter to the Bugle was from Wilberforce Institute. I stopped over Sunday and held a meeting and had a collection taken up for the Oberlin rescue; although the notice was short, I was able to send \$20 to the men who were brave enough to throw themselves across the track of the General Government and rescue one following from the jaws of a Jew of American slavery. From thence I went to Cincinnati where I held one meeting in Mr. Erving's church. Leaving Cincinnati, I came to Indiana, and held my first meeting in Gary Hall, Richmond. It was well largely attended. My second meeting was in the basement of the Methodist Church, but owing, probably, in part, to the shortness of the notice, it was not very largely attended. However, I have made some pleasant acquaintances, and been the recipient of an amount of kindness I did not expect. Since then I have been almost constantly employed, speaking part of the time to crowded houses; sometimes speaking in the day and sometimes day and night. Last Monday week I spoke three times, and almost every day and night since. This part of the country is a fine field for Anti-Slavery effort. The people are ready and willing to hear, and if other laborers would only enter this field after harvest, much might be done for the cause of freedom.

There are a number of colored persons who are farming in this State, owing among them I believe hundreds of acres; and giving the care of the land to their "niggers" who are of themselves. And yet, notwithstanding their ability to take care of themselves, they are taxed without being represented, denied their testimony and property the common schools. How foolish, indeed, is this negro-hate, when, to the North, it permits the children of our race to live in ignorance because of the outlawed blood in their veins. I can understand the wicked sagacity of the slave power when it perpetuates ignorance by law. Slavery wants trained hands, but not restless, aspiring and developed minds. Ignorance and brute force are its strong allies, and potent helps—the handmaids of its inferior civilization and cowardly barbarism. But here in Indiana, where the colored man is, nominally, free; what advantage can the State derive from leaving him in ignorance. Here are more than eleven thousand colored people, and how much better political economy, to build for them schools and academies, to educate them in virtue and in morality, and teach them to add to the productive industry of a commonwealth which would treat them as citizens, and not worse than strangers, than to press them down in the scale of life, and then build prisons, penitentiaries, and galleys to punish them for their crimes. Well, we may earnestly hope from the present indications, that a better day is to dawn on Indiana, and that she will so change her legislation that justice and right shall be met merely her motives, but her lying, practical principles, interwoven with her life, and acted out in all its relations, whether State, national or ecclesiastical.

FRANCES ELLEN WATKINS.

THE HABEAS CORPUS CASE.

St. Louis, June 25th, 1859.

EDITOR OF THE BUGLE: Judge Swan, Peck, and Scott, of the Supreme Court of Ohio, in their adjudication of the Bushnell and Langston case, have demonstrated, that however well qualified they may be to follow precedents, they are wholly unskilled to the task of examining, and affirming principles. The protection Ohio owes her citizens, they know nothing about. They lack eyes to see it, capacity to understand it, or courage to assert it. The narrow grounds to which they confined their legal opinion, contrasted with the broad and vast field which the case brought legitimately within the scope of their judicial vision, demanding authoritative examination, and bold decision; discloses the mental poverty, the weakness, and the timidity, that seemed to surround and paralyze these Judges. They quoted many cases, inconsistent and contradictory in themselves, but constantly consistent with the slave interest, which each was brought to establish; and then

in very mockery of justice, they add their own decision to this heterogeneous conglomeration of unjust precedents. They know that in the *Prigg* case, the Supreme Court decided that the legislative enactments of the free states were unconstitutional. They also know that in the *Illinois* case, the same court decided that the free states could legislate on slavery. In each case the slaveholder succeeded, and on each trial the contradictory ruling was necessitated by the exigence of the slave holders' case. An issue involving the liberty, and the property of perhaps every person in Ohio, should not be subordinated to such precedents, especially when we consider the interested character of the judges who were in fact, deciding their own cases. Were not the Ohio Judges aware of the interest which the southern members of the United States Court have in the slave question? Were they ignorant of the humiliating, but solemn truth, that the Supreme Court of the United States has become a political court, registering the edicts of the slave power? Were they ignorant of the degrading truth, that every northern Judge was nominated and confirmed, because of his opinion on the slave question; and that every Judge holds his place, not by reason of his fitness, but of his total unfitness for the position to which he was appointed? Were they ignorant of the *Casper Hanway*, and *Passmore Williams* cases? They certainly could not be. Then if they must follow authority, why not select such as is worthy to be followed? Why quote the vacillating and wicked decisions of an interested, and at the same time a political court? In New York, the final judgment of their Supreme Court is subject to reversal or confirmation, by their court of Appeals. But who quotes the decisions of this court of appeals? It is considered a political court, and its opinions, and decisions are entitled to no respect. Is the Supreme Court of the United States anything else? Was not every Judge nominated and confirmed as a party man, McLean perhaps excepted? Was not every person nominated, who was not a decided and known defender of every claim (if the slaveholders, shamelessly rejected by the senate)? Are not all the northern judges old spoiled, political hacks, who hold their places by reason of their total want of proper qualifications? Does not every lawyer know that the decisions of the United States Courts are utterly unreliable, often contemptible, and in the Dred Scott case, diabolical? Must the Supreme Court of Ohio, quote the decision of such a Court as authority, in such a case as that of Bushnell and Langston? The respect to which a Judge, or a court is entitled, does not depend upon the power delegated to the tribunal, but to the justice and the righteousness with which the Judge discharged his duties. An inferior officer may be entitled to honor, a superior one may deserve execration. In Great Britain there are common law courts, called courts of attachment, of Regard, of Swimsote, and of Justice-see. They are more ancient than any of ours. There is great analogy in the business transacted in these Courts, and that in which our United States Court figures most conspicuously. Our Court bears the same relation to slaves and slave-hunting, that the British Courts do to dogs, and deer-hunting. In very truth they are all blood-hound courts, the same in substance, equal in power and glory. The latter is expected to watch the interests of the owners of vest and venison—the former to protect the interests of the owners of negroes. They all have the supervision of dogs, one to catch animals, the other to catch men. The English Courts are wont to impede the freedom, and the ferocity of the four-legged hounds—the American Courts to hie and encourage the two-legged dogs on. But the British Courts are the most law-abiding and honorable. They have never decided, that deer and dogs have no rights that white men are bound to respect; but the American Court has decided, that "negroes have no rights that white men are bound to respect." Satan can enunciate no sentiment more distinctly his own, and what Ohio Judge will quote the decision of any such tribunal as authority, the bench he occupies demands a purification, that the people of that good state can disregard only at their peril. I am the friend of your good citizens now in Cleveland jail; the friend of Liberty and of Justice, a.d.

Yours,
JOS. L. GAGE.

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

SALEM, OHIO, JULY 2, 1859.

Tax BILLS can be obtained, every Friday, of Isaac Trecoatt, at Steer's Book Store on Main street, Salem, Ohio.

FRANCES ELLEN WATKINS is authorized to obtain subscribers for the Bugle, and to receive for any monies paid on account of the paper.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Publishing Agent will next week commence sending bills to delinquent subscribers, to which a speedy response is desired. As the terms of subscription are about being changed to the prepayment system, the remittances heretofore often attendant upon unsettled accounts, need be anticipated by neither subscribers nor Committee when prepayment is fully adopted. We hope that those who receive bills will respond promptly. If they cannot by a remittance, let them say so to the Publishing Agent, and not treat her with silent indifference.

At the close of the present volume, all who had not previously entered upon another year's subscription, and paid up all arrearsages will be cut off. This may perhaps operate unpleasantly in some cases, but the Committee feel that they must strictly adhere to the rule they have adopted, and we think no friend of the cause will be so selfish as to desire a suspension of the rule in his particular case, especially if he remembers that perhaps hundreds of others will feel that if any exception is made, their individual case is the very one entitled to leniency. We will send the paper gratis to those who really need, but without pay for it, but don't ask us to depart from our system of advance pay, and don't be wof of you, be so unreasonable as to get offended because we ask for our dues, and receiving no response, strike your names from our subscription list.

Will Ellen Watkins please advise us of her Post Office address?

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have a number of communications on hand, for which we shall try to find room as soon as possible. Some of them need no preparation for the press, others require considerable; the first will, of course, receive the preference, other things being equal.

THE HABEAS CORPUS CASE.

The judge of our St. Louis correspondent—the one, we think, who writes upon habeas corpus—is not the only one who measures legal decisions by. He speaks as a man, not as a politician, and far less as an authorized arbitrator upon a question of law. The judges referred to, may be, for aught we know to the contrary, abundantly able to decide as men, any question of principle which may be presented for adjudication; BUT when they are required as judges to decide a question of law, they have nothing to do with "examining and affirming principles," except so far as principle may incidentally be affected by points of law, or rather, as points of law may incidentally be affected by principle. To suppose otherwise, is to fall into the mistake, which our correspondent, together with many others, has fallen into.

The duties of a Judge are exceedingly circumscribed. He has to confine himself to the law and to the testimony; and if in certain cases, and in certain cases, he can go back to statute law, he cannot go back so far as the higher law, but must rest upon the authority of the State or National Constitution—the organic law of the land. The 2nd commandment, which is regarded by many as a portion of an early transcript of the Higher Law, clearly forbids idol worship. A recent decision made in California declares that the Federal Constitution as clearly tolerates idolatry, and no lawyer would risk his legal reputation by pleading the authority of the former against it, and no Judge would quote *Jehovah* as the people, Sinai, commandment 2nd, as a precedent to justify him in setting aside the latter decision of a legal court.

Our correspondent will probably admit that a man may believe that the Constitution provides for the rendition of fugitive slaves, without his being necessarily unprincipled; that he may regard the Fugitive Slave Law as constitutional, without his being wholly depraved; and if these two articles of faith are found in his creed, we are unable to see how he could have decided otherwise than did Judge Swan, had he sat in Judge Swan's seat.

We wish our friend had quoted the precise language of those decisions, to which he gives a different construction from that placed upon them by the State Court. We cannot readily turn to them, but our remembrance of the decision in the *Prigg* case, is very different from his. It was not that all State legislative enactments in relation to the rendition of fugitive slaves are unconstitutional, but simply unnecessary, a work of supererogation, and unconstitutional when such legislation conflicts with the provisions of the Constitution, or the laws of Congress. In regard to the case of Dred Scott, we would say, that we believe, the Supreme Court, neither when considering that case, nor at any other time, really gave an official decision that "negroes have no rights which white men are bound to respect." The principle upon which the decision was based, if carried out, would, however, lead to that conclusion, but no more so, than the recent action of the Republican Legislature of Connecticut, which denied the extension of the elective franchise to that class which the U. S. Government had denied the possession of all the rights of citizenship.

The United States Supreme Court may be a political court, as our correspondent affirms, and all else he charges upon it may be true. But what of that? Isn't it built after the constitutional model, and the judges all appointed in the manner therein provided? Admit that every Judge, North as well as South, was appointed because of his pro-slavery proclivities; should anti-slavery politicians ever acquire the control of the government—and imagination will have to grow her wings considerably, before she can fly that far—would not every new appointment to the judiciary be made precisely upon the same principle, and every applicant calculated as to his views upon the slavery question? Until Ohio is ready to repudiate her Constitutional obligation, not simply to catch slaves, but also her obligation to accept as the highest judicial authority the decisions of the U. S. Supreme Court, until, in other words, she is ready for Disunion, it seems the wisest fully to speak of the moral effect of any decision her State Courts might make contrary to the dictum of Taney & Co. It would only be a waste of the paper upon which the decision was written, presenting a sublime specimen of moral ingenuity, and exhibiting in its lack of results, a considerable evidence of legal acrobatic merit.

We confess that we are unable to see any vast difference in moral principle between the decision of Swan and his twaddle-drum associates, and the dissenting opinion of Smith, and his twiddle-drum confederate. Strip them of legal technicalities and verbiage, and what are they? The Court said: The United States Constitution provides for the rendition of Fugitive Slaves, the act of '50 is only a practical elucidation of the said constitutional provision; therefore, these men must suffer the penalty attached to the violation of the Fugitive Slave Law. We differ with you, said the dissenting judges; that provision of the Constitution is simply a compact between the States. U. S. officers have no authority to catch slaves, it is a duty which belongs to our State officers, therefore, these men should be discharged.

The former opinion we think is sound law, who can say that the latter is good morals?

LONDON EMANCIPATION COMMITTEE.

Our columns were so crowded last week, that we had not space in which to express our pleasure at the formation of such an organization as that above named. The efforts of its members will tend to dislodge the mind of the British people of some errors into which they have readily fallen, and will cause them to better understand the true position of American Abolitionists, as well as of those, who in this country oppose all anti-slavery action, but in England, where abolitionism is popular, trim their sails to suit the breeze that blows.

We should not wonder if the Committee should themselves be benefited by their labors in behalf of others—becoming more clear sighted in their endeavors to make clear the vision of those around them. Slavery is so complicated with our religious institutions, and our benevolent organizations, that it requires as great clearness of vision to perceive, as moral courage to sever the bonds of connection. Many who speak bold words against slavery, and even some of those who pour upon it from their pulpits elevation the law torrents of righteous indignation, fall as short of consistent abolitionism as did Agrippa of Christianity. Such should be watched, entreated, reformed. The lightnings of Dr. Chesser's denunciation are less dreaded by the supporters of slavery, because he and others like unto him, stand in connection with a slaveholding church—recognizing by word and deed, men members as Christians!

George Thompson, in his speech at the meeting of anti-slavery friends who afterward formed the "London Emancipation Committee," referred to

Miscellaneous.

THOUGHTS DURING SERVICE.
TO THE REV. MR. —

Where are the heroes that had power to shake
My spirit in days past, at tales like thine?
Of the undying worm and fiery lake
And demons waiting at the wrath divine!
O! could I smile at threats so false and vain
Did not I know the souls around me quake
And shudder at thy words in mortal pain,
In that death valley's stern and awful gloom
I too have wandered when my heart would swell
With anguish at the sliver's fancied doom,
A death of horror and an endless hell!
But from that darkness I have groped my way
Up to the sunshine on the heights above;
O would that I could stretch my hand in day
And guide those souls to the dear God of Love!
C. L. M.

JEREMIAH AND I ON HONORABLES.

MR. EDITOR: As I was a settler by the fire the other side, a knitter, and Jeremiah (that's my old man) was a settler by the fire, a knitter, and after we'd not quite a spell and said nothing, all new ones I spoke up, and says I, Jeremiah, and says he, what? and says I, what does the b-o-n-a-sure the names of some men mean? The what? says he, lookin' up surprised like. The b-o-n-a-sure I, after the names of Horace Greeley, and Dan Sickles, and Fremont Brooks, and so on. O! says he, a b-o-n-a-sure a fella, what a fool you air Betsy, to be sure. But fact to be wondered at bein as your a woman, but if you must know, that b-o-n-a-sure for honorable, which is a title gin to men what's been few Congress or the legislator. The money would says I, if that don't beat me. What beats you? says Jeremiah. Why that men's gain to Congress or the legislator should make folks call em honorable. What is there so honorable in that, says he. Nothing in particular, says I, only call em honorable don't make em so 's' the virtue says I. What dew you know about that? says he. What dew I know? I sure can't say I, speaks up, don't I know Gim Hui that went dew the legislator last winter from this district? he's got as honorable afore his name, and he'll cheat a poor man out of his eye-teeth every time he gits a chance; I heard you say he was the meanest man that ever trod shew-lesher. What dew I know, sure enough! haint I heard you and Jo Brown tell over and over again how that the dew that got dew the legislator dew just as they're a mind ter, how they go off on the dew dew green and make the people pay for it, besides spendin' they're time when there at the Capital just as they please. And then dew cap all they vote themselves gold pith, and everlastin' rights of paper (dew to make him books for all the children in Bobtown) be sides grate low of something they call stationery, though I am sure I don't know what that is—al- low be paid for with the people's money. Good luk! if they don't git the governor to help them steal—that is, I meant to say appropriate—a cool hundred thousand.

Then as to the big-bugs they're was luk. Look at the guine in Congress! A Sim, and evenin, an callin' names; that's the way they're their 8 dollars a day. Wall, wall, says Jeremiah, last expected that wimmen folks should understand all about political matters, and tant necessary they should. Mity Dinar! says I, you don't say so!—When men calla black white and white black, to be expected that wimmen folks will believe them, is it? Of course last expected they will make sense out of nonsense. I want dew ask you one question. Did putim b-o-n-a-sure the name of Preston Brooks make that sneaky, cowardly, bully an honorable man? Well, says he perhaps not, but— But what? says I. Or dew it make a man honorable that can have a face to scare his wife into confession a crime that he's guilty on himself, and then after fix it up to read his own purpose. Bless it before the eyes of all creation, to keep his own neck from bein stretched for the most cowardly murder ever committed.

You're burd of the old woman that thought to tal depravity was a good doctrine if folks would only live up to it. I never believed before that any body did quite, but Dan Sickles has proved that a man kin live up to it and a little more, I de- clar Jeremiah, says I, beginnin' dew bile over, or want for takin too much notice on such a miser- able vagabond. I should like dew jine with other wimmen and burn him in effigy.

And then luk at Congress-men in general. One hally on em live by sellin' balles away from their mothers, and tuther half swear by all that's good to bear 'em out in effigy.

Don't you think, says I, they deserve the title of honorable, something on the same prin- ciple, I should say, of callin' Tom Thumb General.

But by this time I seen that I was treadin on Jer- emiah's dewds so dewd that I thought I'd let the matter dewp for that time.

BETSEY BROWN.

From the New York Tribune.
MRS. STOWE'S NEW NOVEL.

It has always seemed to us that the anti-slavery element in the two former novels of Mrs. Stowe stood in the way of a full appreciation of her remarkable genius, at least in her own country. It was so easy to account for the unexampled pop- ularity of "Uncle Tom," by attributing it to a cheap sympathy with sentimental philanthropy. As people began to recede from the first enchantment they began also to resent it, and began to complain that a case of that insane Garrison root which takes the reason prisoner had been palmed upon them without their knowing it, and that their ordi- nary water-grovel of fiction, thinned with sentiment and thickened with moral, had been furnished with the bewitching lambent of Abolition. We had the advantage of reading that extraordinary book in Europe, long after the whirl of excitement pro- duced by its publication had subsided, in the seclu- sion of distance, and with a judgement undisturbed by those political sympathies which it is impos- sible, perhaps, to avoid at home. We felt then, and believe now that the secret of Mrs. Stowe's popularity lay in that same genius by which she great success in creative literature have al- ways been achieved—the genius that instinctively goes right to the organic element of human nature, disdains as trivial the conventional and senti- mental notions which so large a part of our age's imagination and feeling. Works of imagination written with an aim at immediate impression are usually superficial, like Mrs. Norton's "Tales and Elliott's Corn-law verses; but the creative faculty of Mrs. Stowe like that of Cervantes in "Don

Quixote" and of Fielding in "Joseph Andrews" overpowered the narrow speciality of her design, and expanded a local and temporary theme with the cosmopolitanism of genius.

It is a proverb that "there is great deal of hu- man nature in men," but it is equally and sadly true that there is amazingly little of it in books.—Fielding is the only English novelist who deals with life in its broadest sense. Thackeray, his dis- ciple and congenial, and Dickens the congener of Smollett, do not, so much as treat of life, as the strata of society—the one studying nature from the club-room window, the other from the re- porters box in the Police Court. It may be that the general obliteration of distinctions of rank in this country which is generally considered a detriment to the novelist will in the end turn to his advantage by compelling him to depend for his effects on the contrasts and collisions of innate character, rather than on those shallower traits superinduced by particular social arrangements or hereditary asso- ciations. Shakespeare drew his ideal, and Field- ing natural men and women; Thackeray draws either gentlemen or fools, and Dickens either un- natural men or the oddities natural only in the lowest grades of a highly artificial sys- tem of society. The first two know human nature, of it later two, one knows what is called the World, and the other the Streets of London. Is it possible that the very social democracy which here rules the novelist of so much romance, so much costume, so much in short, that is purely external, will give him a set-off in making it easier for him to get at that element of universal human- ity which neither of the two extremes of an aris- tocratic system, nor the salient and picturesque points of contrast between the two, can alone lay open to him?

We hope to see the problem solved by Mrs. Stowe. That kind of romantic interest which Scott evolved from the relations of lord and vassal, of chief and clansman, from the social more than the moral contrast of Roundhead and Cavalier, of far descended pauper and nouveau riche; which Cooper found in the clash of savagery with civiliza- tion, and the shaggy virtue bred on the border land between the two, Indian by habit, white by tradition, Mrs. Stowe seems in her former novels to have sought in a form of society alien to her sym- pathies, and too remote for exact study or for the acquirement of local truth, which is the slow re- sult of unobscured observation. There can be no stronger proof of the greatness of her genius, of her possessing that creative faculty which be- longs to the higher order of imagination, than the vividness with which "Uncle Tom" was read at the South. It settled the point that this book was true to human nature, if not minutely so to plant- sion life.

If capable of so great a triumph where success must so largely depend on the sympathetic insight of her more creative power, have we not a right to expect something far more in keeping with the requirements of Art, now that her wonderful eye is to be the mirror of familiar scenes, and of a soci- ety in which she was bred, of which she has seen so many varieties—and that, too, in the country where it is most native and original? It is a great satisfaction to us that in the "Minister's Woo- ing" she has chosen her theme and laid her scene amid New England habits and traditions. There is no other writer who is capable of perpetuating for us in a work of Art, a style of thought and manners which railways and newspapers will soon render as palatable as the machine or the sealions. Thus far the story has fully justified our hopes. The leading characters are all fresh and individual crea- tions—Mrs. Katy Scudder, the notable Yankee house-wife; Mary, in whom Cupid is to try con- clusions with Calvin; James Marryon, the ad- vocate boy of the coast, in whose heart the wild re- ligious of nature dwells till the strain of swathing of Puritanism are burst; Dr. Hopkins, the conscien- tious minister, come upon a time when the social prestige of the clergy is waning, and whose inde- pendence will test the voluntary system of misle- rious support; Simon Brown, the man of theo- logical dialectics, in the utmost perfection of creed is shown to be not inconsistent with the most contradictory imperfection of life—and all these are characters new to literature. And the scene is laid just far enough away in point of time to give proper tone and perspective.

We think we find in the story the promise of an interest as unobscured as it will be intense.—There is room for the play of all the passions and interest that makes up the great tragedy-comedy of life, while all the scenery and accessories will be those which familiarity has made dear to us. We are a little afraid of Colonel Barr, to be sure, it is so hard to make a historical personage fulfil the conditions demanded by the novel of everyday life. He is almost sure to fall below our traditional con- ception of him, or to rise above the natural and easy level of character necessary to keeping. Into the vague or the melodramatic. Moreover, we do not want a novel of society from Mrs. Stowe; she is quite too good to be wasted in that way, and her trend is much more firm on the turf of the "door-yard" or the pasture, and the sanded floor of the farm-house, than on the velvet of the salon. We have no notion how she is to develop her plot, but we think we foresee chances for her best power in the struggle which seems foreshadowed between Mary's conscientious admiration of the Doctor and her half-conscious passion for James, before she discovers that one of these conflicting feelings means simply moral liking and approval, and the other that she is a woman and that she loves.—And is not the value of dogmatic theology as a rule of life to be thoroughly tested for the Doctor by his slavishholding paragon? Is he not to learn the bitter difference between intellectual ac- ceptance of a creed and that true partaking of the sacrament of love and faith and sorrow that makes Christ the very life blood of our being and doing? And has not James Marryon also his lesson to be taught? We foresee him drawn gradually back by Mary from his recoil against Puritan formalism, to a perception of how much charm there may be in an hereditary faith, even if it have become almost conventional.

In the materials of characters already present in the story, there is scope for Mrs. Stowe's hu- mor, pathos, clear moral sense, and quick eye for the scenery of life. We do not believe that there is any one who, by birth, breeding and natural capacity, has had the opportunity to know New England as well as she, or who has the peculiar genius to so profitably by the knowledge. (Al- though there have been scenes in the "Minister's Woo- ing," that, in their lowliness of tone and quiet truth, contrast as charmingly with the vivid exag- geration of the modern school of novel writers as the "Yarn of Walsby" Hamlet, and the great mis- take if it do not prove to be the most charac- teristic of Mrs. Stowe's works, and that on which her fame will chiefly rest with posterity.

The fiction flag that proudly waves in mockery over a land of slaves.

GOD'S WORLD IS WORTHY BETTER MEN.

BY GERALD HARRIS.

Behold! an idle tale they tell,
And who shall blame their telling it?
The regues have got their cant to sell,
The world pays well for selling it!
They say the world's a desert drear,
Suff' plaged with Egypt's blindness;
That we were sent to suffer here,
What! by a God of kindness?
That since the world has gone astray,
It must be so forever,
And we should stand still, and obey
Its Deceitful, Never!

With all our strife, sweet Rest hath wings
To fold o'er hearts a-weary;
The Sun in glory, like a God,
To-day climbs up heaven's bosom,
The flowers upon the jewell'd sod,
In sweet love-lessons blossom,
As radiant of immortal youth
And beauty, as in Eden; then
Believe me, 'tis a noble truth,
God's world is worthy better men.

O! they're bold, knaves over-board,
Who say we are doom'd to anguish;
That men in God's own image wold,
Like hell-bound slaves, must languish,
Probe Nature's heart to its red core,
There's more of good than evil;
And man, down-trodden man, is more
Of Angel than of Devil.
Prepare to die? Prepare to live!
We know not what is living;
And let us for the world's good give,
As God is ever giving,
Give Action, Thought, Love, Wealth and Time,
To win the prize of life again;
Believe me, 'tis a noble truth,
God's world is worthy better men.

THE MANUFACTURE OF WINES.

Every day adds to the accumulating evidence that pure wines are very rare indeed, and that those who use such beverages have no guarantee, as they sip their champagne, claret, burgundy or port, that they are not imbibing a cunning compound of log- wood, sugar, chemicals and cider, or distilled li- quors, or under the most favorable circumstances, a very poor wine, "cooked" to suit the palate. On this subject the London correspondent of the National Intelligencer sheds some light. He says:—"At the northwestern corner of the Mediter- ranean, on the Gulf of Lyons, stands the prosper- ous little town of Cote. Its harbor is usually crowded with vessels bearing the flags of many na- tions. The warehouses are numerous, and there is little or no appearance of either indigence or idleness in the place, yet a stranger is at first puzzled to determine what is the particular busi- ness or trade of the town. After a little time he begins to observe among the working men a pre- ponderance of coopers and a great consumption of staves and hoops. Then he observes that log- wood and cider are used largely, sugar not a little, cheap and consequently inferior wines, called Chateaus and Benicarlo, are imported into Cote in large quantities, but never leave that place un- der those names. In brief, from these and other as unsuitable articles are in this little sea-port vast quantities of wines, of every known vintage manufactured: Claret, Hochheim, Johannisberg, Burgundy, Champagne, Moselle, (sparkling or still), Madeira, Constantia, Humble Port or Imperial Tokay. So nice is the skill of this little cul- tury of ingenious wine merchants, so accurate is their palate, that they can, with Chinese precision, imitate the flavor and copy the color of the re- quired fluid, however rare or choice the original sam- ple may be, and place it in the very form of bot- tle in which the genuine wine is ordinarily met with. Even the most experienced judges are not unfrequently imposed upon. From long practice the taste and requirement of each different market is known, and the manufacturer, as he displays his varied stores, knows at once the precise flavor that will suit his customer's palate. Little of these factitious wines find their way into the interior of France, they are mostly dispatched to distant markets."

A HARD SUBJECT.—An "Old Saker, who lives in Western Missouri, took it into his head one day, and very sensibly too, that it was about time for him to be considering his probable future condi- tion, and forthwith repaired to the Rev. Mr. B. of the respected pastor of the Baptist denomination of the town aforesaid, to obtain light. He was received with urbanity, and forthwith the fol- lowing dialogue ensued:

Old S.—It's your doctrine, boss, that a fella to be saved must suffer imbornun, isn't it?
Mr. B.—Yes, Mr. S. it is a fundamental doctrine of our church, that a man, to be regenerated, must repent of his sins, and be immersed.

Old S.—Well, boss, after repentin' of his sins, and bein' ald under, if he flashes in the pan, then what?

Mr. B.—Although back sliding is much to be deplored, still, if he sincerely repents of his sins, and is again immersed, the church will receive him again.

Old S.—Well, s'pose he again kinks out of the traces after the second time, (for you know what crieters there are in this world, boss,) then what's to pay?

Mr. B.—Notwithstanding all this, if he will so- lemnly repent, and solemnly promise to amend his future life, the church will again receive him into its bosom, after being immersed.

Old S. (after a few moments of deep thought) proposes the closing interrogatory)—Well, boss, wouldn't it be a blasted good idea to keep such fel- lows in work all the time?

Our informant did not say whether old S. joined the church or not, but we incline to the opinion that if he did, the chances were pretty good for his being "kept in work all the time."

devilish. Wall and sobs followed the blows, and glances as full of hate and anger as her own. The child will be true to its education. The im- press of that fierce spirit will sink like that of the fossil in the snowing granite. The antagonisms of childish nature, are already rankly rooted and rising in defiance, and the clotted hand has an utterance terribly eloquent of future passion and strife. And for the sickly driftwood of the *Ledger*, this unworthy mother is fostering by blows and angry words, the fierce spirit which by and by, will bear the man like a bubble on the tide of crime.

False woman and recreant mother! Recreant to the highest and holiest trust ever given, woman in keeping. Recreant to the child to-day and in the years to come. Recreant to our common coun- try, and to a soul in charge. It will be strange indeed, if that child does not bear upon the granite of mature manhood, the fierce and ungovern- able passion which has just left its red and tingling memory upon the fair young cheek.

—God pity the child, and have mercy on the mother.—Wisconsin Chief.

THE HUNGARIANS.—The *Corriere Mercantile* of Genoa publishes the following proclamation, ad- dressed by the Hungarian exiles to their country- men:—

"Magyars! The Italians are your brethren! Recollect 1849, when the Sardinian Government, notwithstanding its difficulties, extended the friendly hand to you, the only one offered to you in all Europe! Austria will, by a thousand promises, seek to lull you to sleep for her. Do not forget that Italy is fighting for her independence, and that the principle proclaimed by her is also yours. Recollect that Austria, when the danger is passed, will not recollect her promises. Magyars! The Italians and we are oppressed by the same yoke. Brethren in slavery, let us aid each other in recon- quering liberty. In laboring for the cause of Italy you will promote your own!"

FANNY FERN ON SERMONS.—I want a human ser- mon. I don't care what Melchizedek, or Zerub- babel, or Kerehabach did ages ago, I want to know what I am to do, and I want somebody be- sides a theological bookworm to tell me—somebody who is tempted and tried, and who is not too di- vinely to own it; and somebody, like me, who is always sinning and repenting, somebody who is glad and sorry, and cries and laughs, and eats and drinks, and wants to fight when he is trodden on—and don't! That's the minister for me. I don't want a spiritual abstraction, with stony eyes and petrified fingers, and no blood to battle with.—What credit is it to him to be perfect? How can he understand me? Were there only such minis- ters in the pulpit, I wouldn't go to church either, because my impatient feet would only beat tattoo on the pew floor till service was over, but thank God there are! and while they preach I shall go to hear them and come home better and happier for having done it.

HOW KINDNESS SAVED HIM.—It is easy to ruin, and easy to save a young man. One of the lead- ing brokers of New York had a young man in his employ. The vast amount of money in his hands was a great temptation to him. Small sums were mis- sed day after day; one quarter, then fifty cents, then one dollar, then two dollars, were mis- sed—he was charged with the peculation. The broker showed him how he could detect the abstraction of the smallest sum of money; the young man stammered and confessed. Now, said the broker, I shall not discharge, I shall not dishonor you. I intend to keep you and make a man of you. You will be a vagabond if you go along in this way.—Now let me see more of this. He went to his work. He did not disappoint the confidence. He did honor to his employer. And the other day he was indicted into one of our banks in an honorable position, and his employer became his bondsman to the amount of \$10,000. Had he conducted as some would have done, sent the boy away and proclaimed his dishonor, perhaps he would have ended his days in States Prison, and been sent to his tomb in the garb of a convict. But our young man was rescued from ruin who had been placed amid the temptations of money, and for a moment was overcome.

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.—Maryland has a news- paper circulation of 224,000—the largest of any of the slave States. Massachusetts, with a popu- lation scarcely double that of Maryland, has a circulation of 715,950, or about six to one. Its cir- culation is nearly equal to that of all the Southern States. New York has a circulation considerably more than double that of all the slave States. At the south, more than one-half of the papers are political; at the north, less than one-third.—The number of copies of neutral and independent papers printed in a year, in the slave States, is 8,000,000, and in the free States 79,000,000; of the religious in the slave States, 4,000,000, and in the free States, 29,000,000. The number of copies of scientific papers printed in the fifteen southern States, is 372,000; the number in Massachusetts alone is 2,000,000. The religious papers in the slave States number 4,600,000 copies annually; in New York alone, 12,000,000. The neutral and independent papers of the south are 8,000,000; in Pennsylvania alone 21,000,000.

RICE AS A FERTILIZER.—A *Montezuma* (Cuba) paper has been some gigantic specimens of early sugar cane, the growth of which, it says, was quickened by the use of rice, which article it claims to be a better fertilizer than guano itself. We think no one will dispute that rice is well adapted to "rice cane," for of this we have suf- ficient evidence in our own country, without going to Matanzas for proof.—*Journal of Commerce*.

Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, of New York, is de- livering a course of lectures on physiological and medical science to ladies at Manchester, Eng. The attendance is highly respectable, and the lecturer is listened to with that respectful earnestness and attention which the importance of the subject de- mands.

Thirty-three stars must be on the national flag from and after the 4th of July in compliance with the act of Congress, which declares that, on the admission of every new State, one star shall be added on the 4th of July next succeeding its admission. Oregon was admitted at the last session of Congress as a State of the Confeder- acy.

Every family should have a paper. It is worth more than its cost, simply for educational pur- poses. Patients have hardly a right to deprive their fam- ily of its advantages in these times.

LOCAL AGENTS FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.
Mrs. M. C. K. Arter, Salineville, Ohio.
Mrs. G. L. Morgan, Sylvester, Green Co., Wis.
Phoebe T. Merritt, Ionia, Michigan.
Samuel Hayball, Adrian, Michigan.
Harriet Fuller, Livonia, " "
Isaac N. Hadden, Plymouth, " "
Samuel D. Moore, Ypsilanti, " "
John D. Zimmerman, Union City, Michigan.
Thos's Fox, McRoy Grove, " "
Phoebe H. Merritt, Battle Creek, " "
Henry Cornell, Bedford, " "
Abram Powers, Farmington, " "
R. Glasier, Ann Arbor, " "
Thomas C. Heighon, Edinburgh, Ohio.
Joseph Puckett, Winchester, Indiana.
Wm. Horn, Brighton, Indiana.
G. L. Gale, Northport, Indiana.
Wm. Hopkins, Fremont, " "
Elizabeth Morse, Angola, " "
Henry Bowman, Johnstown, Barry Co. Mich.
Daniel Earle, Newton Falls, Ohio.

J. C. WHINERY, D. D. S.

Respectfully announces that he is still at his old stand on the
South-west corner of Main Street and Broadway,
second story, (entrance from Broadway, at the
south end of the building), for the purpose of se-
curing increased facilities for the practice of Den-
tistry.
He proposes to spare neither pains nor expense
in keeping pace with the onward march of the
profession. His stock of DENTAL MATERIALS is
selected by himself at the head of the market,
and his past services, he trusts to be such as to give
assurance that full satisfaction will be given to
those who may require his services.
All operations WARRANTED.
Office from 7 A. M., till 6 P. M.
June 1st, 1858.

George W. Manley,
AMBRATYPE
AND PHOTOGRAPH ARTIST,

SCHILLINGS' BLOCK, MAIN STREET,
SALEM, OHIO.
Salem, June 23, 1858.

VARIETY AND NOTION
STORE!!

E. E. Barr. Having just returned from the
East, respectfully invites the
attention of the Ladies and public in general to
her large and carefully selected Stock of Notions
and

WHITE GOODS!!

Consisting of all kinds of Fine Muslins, Hosiery,
Gloves, Embroidery, Gents' and Ladies' Collars,
Flourishing, Edgings, and Insertings, Infants'
Waists, Porte Monnaies, Buck Ties, Kid Gloves,
Belt Clips, Ribbon Slashes, Coral Beads, Cornelia
Crosses, Fans, Wristlets, and Notions of all kinds.
Thankful for past favors, we solicit a share of
public patronage. The Goods have been selected
with much care, and a desire to please. Remem-
ber the place—*THO DOORS WEST OF M. MIL-
LAN'S BOOKSTORE, SALEM, OHIO.*
April 30—4.

MRS. CHURCH,
Botanic Medicine,
HIGH STREET, SALEM, OHIO.

JAMES SMILEY, M. D.
Office and Residence four doors West of WHI-
NERY & FIRESTONE'S DRUG STORE, South
side of Main Street, Salem, Ohio.
Salem, July 31st, 1858.

SPRING OF 1859.

J. & L. Schilling

Are now in receipt of their
FIRST LARGE STOCK OF
SPRING & SUMMER
GOODS!

Amongst which may be found the GREATEST
BARAINS ever offered in Eastern Ohio. Our
Stock comprises a Large and Varied Assortment of

LADIES' DRESS GOODS!!

Black and Fancy Dress Silks, Paris Style Mantillas,
Embroideries, New Spring Bonnets and Bonnet
Ribbons, a General Stock of Notions, Ladies'
and Children's Shoes, Carpets, Men's and
Boys' Wear, a Heavy Stock of Staple Dry
Goods, Quenewares, Wall and Window
Paper, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.
We deem it unnecessary to further
enumerate, but will add that our
Stock, in all its various branches,
is full, and at prices defying
either home or foreign com-
petition. Thankful for
past favors, and
feeling as-
sured that
our
New Stock will open
up to your entire satisfaction, we solicit an early
call.
Yours, Respectfully,
J. & L. SCHILLING.
CHEAP CORNER, SALEM, O., April 9, 1859.

Pick-Pockets Defeated,
—OR—
PATENT MONEY SAFE,

FOR
PORTE MONNAIES OR POCKET BOOKS.

A PERFECT PROTECTION against accident!
A loss or pick-pocket, 25 cents will buy this
ingenious little article, or \$1.00 an elegant Pock-
et Book with one attached, post paid.
DICKINSON & BATE, Patented,
Hudson, Michigan.
Jan. 29, 1859—4.

THE GOOD OLD
OHIO CULTIVATOR

for 1859,
[S] going right along, and began its fifteenth year
on the 1st of January, to which every body is
invited to subscribe. The OHIO CULTIVATOR
is published twice every month, in book form for
binding, devoted to

The Farm, Stock, Garden, and Orchard,
AND THE CULTIVATION OF THE PEOPLE.

Taxes—\$1 a year, single copy; three copies for
\$2, six for \$4; nine for \$6, and a copy extra to
the getter up of every club of nine. Specimens
sent free. Address
S. D. HARRIS, COLUMBUS, O.,
Editor and Proprietor.

The Celebrated Steel Pens, No. 708,
Manufactured by Joseph Gillett, for sale whole
sale and retail, by
J. M. MILLAN.
Salem, O., 24, 1857.

Hardware! Hardware!

DANIEL WALTON
Would respectfully inform his friends and patrons
that he has REMOVED his Hardware Store to
the ROOM LATELY OCCUPIED BY J. & W.
MILLAN, and is now receiving directly from
New York, a large and well selected stock of

HARDWARE, CUTLERY,

&c., to which he wishes to call the attention of the
public generally. Consisting, in part, of "Carpen-
ters", Saddlers', Masons' and Coopers' Tools, Tails
and Pocket Cutlery, Saws, Axes, and various
styles; Trace, Halter, Breast, Log, and Pump
CHAUNS.

Hardware required in House-Building,
and will put up a bill of goods for those who are
building, at the very lowest figures. Custom
Taxes, a good assortment of the best quality,
as cheap as can be had anywhere in the County.
I have a good Stock of

WHITE LEAD, LINSEED OIL,
PAINT BRUSHES, GLASS, &c., &c., &c.,
at the lowest prices.

A full assortment of
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,
Grain Cradles, Forks, Scythes, Hoes, Rakes, Shov-
els and Spades; also, Hooks, Latches, Springs,
handles, Sheep Shears, Coffee Mills, Fluid Lamps
and Lanterns, Curry-Combs, and, in fact, every
thing in the Hardware line.

Builders, Farmers and others are respectfully
invited to call and examine my stock before pur-
chasing, as I am determined to sell as cheap as
the cheapest.
D. WALTON.
Salem, May 21st, 1859—4.

THOMAS SHARP, ———— HENRY KING
SALEM IRON WORKS

SALEM, COLUMBIANA CO., OHIO.
SHARP & KING,
MANUFACTURERS OF

IMPROVED STATIONARY AND PORTABLE
STEAM ENGINES,

Improved Circular Saw-Mills and Mill-Gearing
of all descriptions. Machinery Tools for all
purposes. Gear Cutting done to order on
New and Improved Principles. A
good assortment of Superior
Rubber Belting for sale at
the lowest cash prices.

Particular attention given to the construction of
Machinery for Flouring Mills—both Steam and
Water.

We have provided ourselves with a General
Machine, which enables us to cut gearing 64 feet
in diameter, and under, and 10 inch face, and
under, also to fill core wheels and dress the teeth
with the same machine, which insures accuracy and
uniformity in the teeth. Dressing gears in this way
is less expensive and more accurate than doing it
by hand. We will warrant our gearing to run as
smooth as still and smooth as bells.
Cash paid for old Iron, Copper and Brass.
May 14, 1859—1y.

BOOKS, STATIONERY,
—AND—
WALL PAPER!!

J. M. MILLAN,
SALEM, COLUMBIANA CO., OHIO.

Has just received and offers for sale, on the low-
est terms, for CASH, an immense stock of
Law, Medical, Scientific, Historical, Poetical,
and

MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS;

Bibles and hymn Books, Juvenile Books in great
variety, suitable for the "Little One at Home";
all ages; Gift Books in fancy binding; all the
different Readers, Grammars, Arithmetics, Alge-
bras, Philosophies, Chemistries, Geographies, Phy-
siologies and other School Books, new and in the
region; Blank Books, Paper Books and Memorandum
of all sizes and varieties. Our stock of

Writing Paper,

Comprises almost every size and variety of Felt
cap, Letter and Note Paper, Paper, Fancy, Gift
Ruled and Unruled, and is not equalled for quality
or extent in eastern Ohio.

Our stock of Stationery contains all kinds of
Plain, Fancy and Wedding Envelopes; Frim
and Inviting Cards, Plain and Fancy; Drusit
Paper of all Sizes, Ornamental Paper in
Roll, Facing Cloth and Paper, Lu-
sur Paper and Materials for
Artificial Flowers, and
Pencil Cases, Pen-holders,
Arts and I.

Black Red, In-
delible, Carmine, and India Ink, Ink-balls
for Desk or Pocket Purposes; Pocket Book
Wallets, Pen-holders,
Portfolios, Bristol
Board, Monochromatic
Boards and Crayons, Paste
Boards, Music Paper, Steel Pens,
Copying Books and Copying Ink;
Agent for SPENCERIAN PEN-MANSHIP
A NEW LOT OF MY CELEBRATED

STEEL PENS No. 708

A Large Supply of
Extra Fine GOLD PENS, all Warranted.

The attention of Writing Teachers and all
others who want very Superior Writing Paper and
Gold or Steel Pens is particularly requested.
Anything in the Book or Stationery line not
on hand, will be procured for customers at
Publishers' prices.

In addition